Major Winthrop's New Novel.—CECIL DREEME.

BY THEODORE WINTHROP,

Late Major in the U S Army, and Author of "The March of the N. Y. 7th Regiment," and "Washington as a Camp," in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

With a Biographical sketch of the author, by GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS. Just ready, in one Vol., 12mo. Price, $1 00.

CECIL DREME is a sparkling novel of American Society, the scene of which is laid in well known localities in New-York.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, 135 Washington street, Boston.

VOL. 4. NO. 97

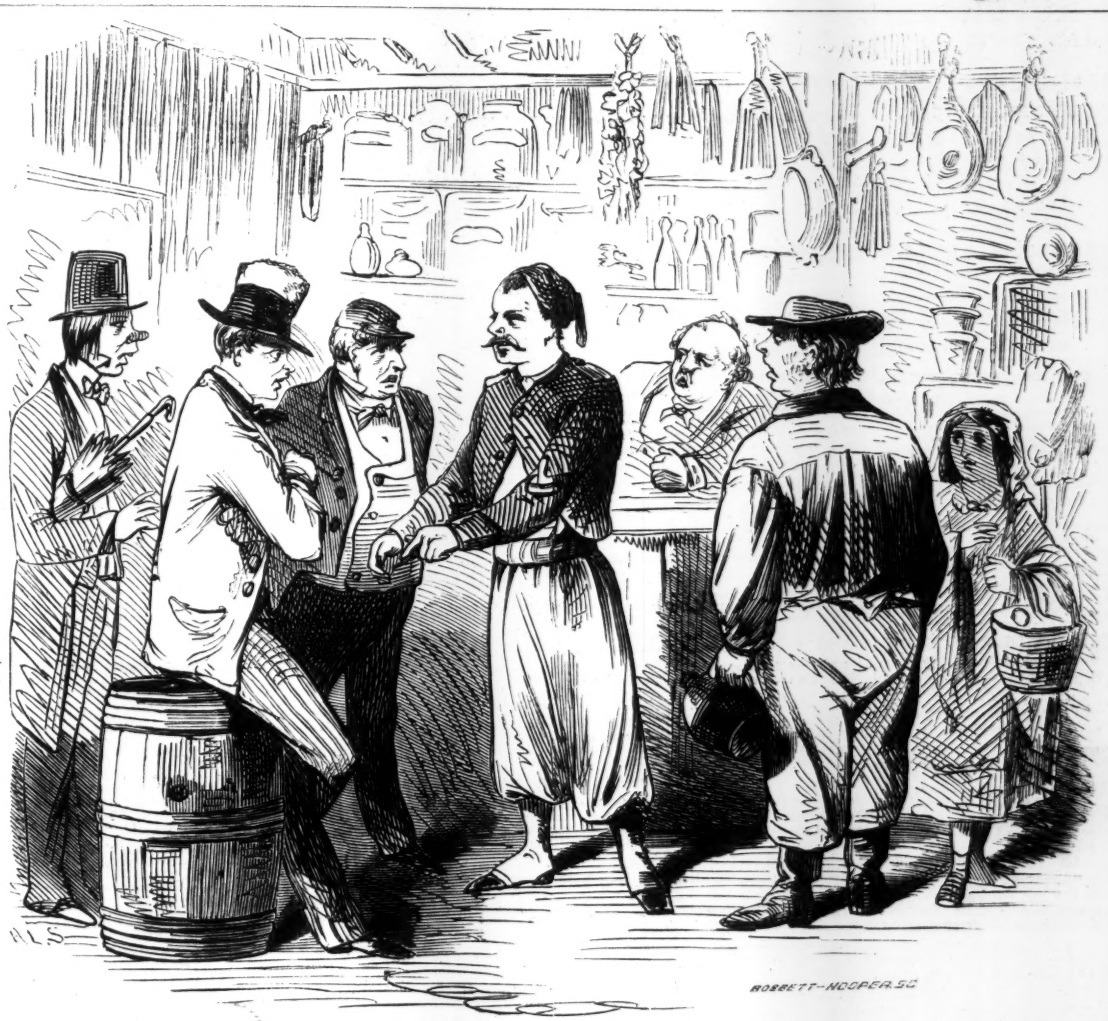
VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

NOVEMBER 2,

1861.

PRICE THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.



A SUBLIME CONCLUSION.

Returned Volunteer.—"WELL, AFTER HE HAD BURNED TWO RAILROAD BRIDGES, AND INFORMED THE REBELS OF ALL OUR MOVEMENTS, WE CAUGHT HIM; AND BY JOVE WE JUST TOOK HIM AND . . ."

Excited Listeners.—"WHAT? WHAT?"

Returned Volunteer.—(With dreadful emphasis)—"MADE HIM TAKE THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE, SIR!"

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

FINE CLOTHING
AT HALF PRICE.
THE
ELEGANT STOCK OF A BROKEN DOWN
BROADWAY HOUSE
IS
NOW
BEING SOLD
AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE,
66
At EVANS' and Fulton Street,
68
Between Gold and Cliff.

Fine French Cloth Frock Coats, lined with satin	$13 00
Fine French Cloth Frock Coats, lined with silk	10 00
Excellent black Cloth Frock Coats	6 00
Super black French Doeskin Pants	3 75
Beautiful fancy Silk Vests (an endless variety)	2 00
Rich black satin Vests	2 00
1,000 Fancy Cassimere Vests	1 00
Elegant blue Beaver Suits	10 00

&c &c &c &c &c &c

ARTIFICIAL
Legs & Hands,
SELPHO'S
PATENT ELASTIC LEG AND HAND,
No. 516 Broadway, N. Y.

BUY ALL YOUR
FIDDLE-DE-DI-DOES
FOR HOUSEKEEPING,
AT
DELMAR'S,
706 Broadway,
Near Fourth street.

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE
MICROSCOPE, MAGNIFYING small objects 500 times, will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 25 cents, in silver, and one red stamp. Five of different powers, free of postage, $1. Address,
F. BOWEN,
Lock Box 114, Boston, Mass.

WARD & PARRY, PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS
and Importers, (Successors to H. W. Derby.) 625 Broadway. Are selling their own Publications, together with all the current miscellaneous issues of the day at partly reduced prices.
They publish the following:
POPULAR BOOKS OF WIT AND HUMOR.

The Widow Bedott Papers, 12mo., cloth	1 00
Mrs. Partington, by B. P. Shillaber,	1 00
The Sparrowgrass Papers,	1 00
Riley's Humors of the West,	1 00
Brougham's Humorous Irish Stories,	1 00
Miss Slimmens' Window,	1 00
Prentice's Wit and Humor,	1 00
Letters of Jack Downing, 12mo.,	1 00
Jack Downing's Yankee Stories,	1 00

GREAT MUSICAL BOX
DEPOT. M. J. PAILLARD,
Importer, 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Has for sale the most extensive assortment in the country, at prices varying at Two to Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, each playing 1, 2, 3 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16 and 24 airs.

BEAUTIFUL TOY BOXES FOR CHILDREN.
BOXES TO SUIT ALL AGES AND TASTES.
Call and examine them!
Fine Gold and Silver Watches Cheap for Cash.
MUSICAL BOXES REPAIRED.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.
HUNT'S "BLOOM OF ROSES," a rich and elegant color for the cheeks or lips. IT WILL NOT WASH OR RUB OFF, and when once applied remains durable for years. The tint is so rich and natural, that the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Can be removed by lemon juice, and will not injure the skin. This is a new preparation used by the celebrated Court Beauties of London and Paris. Mailed free, in bottles, with directions for use, for $1.
Address, Hunt & Co., Perfumers,
707 Sansom street, PHILADELPHIA.

FOR CONSIDERATION.
INFLUENZA CURED.

I had a violent influenza. I procured two of Allcock's Porous Plasters, so strongly recommended by the Hon. Carl Schurz. I also procured a box of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I applied both plasters a little below each nipple, so that they partly covered the region of each lung. I also took seven of Brandreth's Pills; these greatly moderated the pain in my head. I took five the succeeding night; these nearly cured me. However, I took three the third night, which completed my recovery. The plasters I removed a few days after. I am satisfied the counter irritating and warming qualities of Allcock's Porous Plasters, for all affections of the chest and lungs, and Brandreth's Pills for a general medicine, have never been surpassed for usefulness
The address of A. B. is at the office, 294 Canal street.
The following case of cure of paralysis of the legs, of seventeen years' duration, has not been published. Cases nearly remarkable can be referred to in this city.
The power of Brandreth's Pills in restoring every organ to usefulness and health should regulate the attention of medical men to this wonderful medicine. Congress should pass a law obliging every man in the army and navy to have in his possession, ready for immediate use, a box of these pills. What a blessing they would have near them. Their health would be thus secured from numerous accidents. Remember they aid nature in her efforts of cure.

PARALYSIS OF THE LEGS, OF SEVENTEEN YEARS' DURATION, CURED BY BRANDRETHS' PILLS ALONE.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman holding the office of Consul, The letter is on file at 294 Canal street. Ask for Consul Graham's letter to Dr Brandreth. He writes:

"Gen Tomkins has a brother over forty years of age whose legs have been paralyzed for seventeen years' so that he could not walk a step. He has tried all sorts of remedies, and been under the care of various physicians all of whom have pronounced his case incurable. I gave my friend a box of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills, with the printed instructions; his brother took them and was so pleased with the effect that he prevailed upon Messrs. Zimmerman & Frazer to let him have a few dozen boxes. He has now taken some thirty or forty boxes, and is so far recovered that he can walk with a cane, and has full faith that he will recover entirely. He is so enthusiastic in favor of the Pills that he has cut your likeness from some of the package labels, and has pasted it over his table, and frequently burns a candle before it (he is a Catholic,) and when his friends come in he points to it, saying: 'That is the true saint—my saint; all the rest value nothing in comparison.' This gentleman entirely recovered the use of his limbs, and is now one of the healthiest and soundest men in Buenos Ayres."

Sold at 294 Canal street,
And No. 4 Union Square, N. Y.
Price 25 cents per box, or six boxes for one dollar.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.
HENRY A. BROWN, 35 Winter street BOSTON, Mass., has just issued a first class Engraving, being a fac simile of the Renowned Original STUART'S WASHINGTON, at the Boston Athenæum. Says Hon. Edward Everett: "The engraving is executed in a very masterly style, and seems to me most faithfully to represent the noble original.
☞ Price on elegant paper, 50 cents; proofs $2 each. Sent rolled and prepaid anywhere.

IMPROVED
Gutta Percha
CEMENT
ROOFING
It is water-proof, and
Costs only about one-third as much as Tin,
AND IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

THE CHEAPEST and most DURABLE ROOFING in use. FIRE and WATER PROOF. Applied to New and Old Roofs of all kinds, and sent to all parts of the country with full directions for use.
Send for a Circular

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT ROOFING
JOHNS & CROSLEY,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
78 WILLIAM ST.,
(COR. LIBERTY ST.),
NEW YORK.

GUTTA PERCHA
CEMENT,
FOR preserving new and repairing LEAKY METAL ROOFS of every description; WILL NOT CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM WEATHER.
Agents Wanted.
Terms Cash!

JOHNS & CROSLEY'S AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE,
FOR CEMENTING WOOD, LEATHER, GLASS, IVORY, CHINA, MARBLE, PORCELAIN, ALABASTER, BONE, CORAL, &c., &c., the only article of the kind ever produced which will withstand water. Liberal terms to Wholesale dealers.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
JOHNS & CROSLEY, Sole Manufacturers,
Wholesale Warehouse, 78 William st., cor. Liberty.

OUR GREAT PREMIUM.
To any one sending us $4.00 for three subscriptions to VANITY FAIR for one year (or one subscription for three years) we will present a splendid copy of
WORCESTER'S ILLUSTRATED QUARTO DICTIONARY,
which is published at $7.00
Read the following notices of the work:

From the "Daily Picayune," New Orleans.

"In fine, we cannot better consider Worcester's new book as in itself the 'pure well of English undefiled,' while the streams that have for ages been flowing into it so copiously, to enrich it and to receive from it richness, are so beautifully and clearly mapped out and delineated as at once to furnish entertainment and instruction to the reader."

From the "Mobile Daily Tribune."

"We make no doubt that the work will speedily take its position as the recognized STANDARD of the English language of the nineteenth century, and have no hesitation in recommending it as not only a safe, complete, and reliable guide, but as the only such guide within our knowledge."
Address, LOUIS H. STEPHENS, Publisher for Proprietors of VANITY FAIR,
100 Nassau street, New York.

VANITY FAIR
With number 80, "Vanity Fair" commenced its Fourth Volume.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy one year	Postage unpaid		$2 50
" "	"	paid	3 00
Two Copies one year (to one address)	"	paid	5 00
Five Copies one year (to one address)	"	unpaid	10 00
One Copy one year and Worcester's Quarto Dictionary	"	unpaid	6 00

BOUND VOLUMES.

Single Volume	Postage paid	$2 00
Three Volumes (1, 2 and 3)	" "	5 00
Three Volumes (to California)	" "	6 00
Three Volumes and copy of paper one year, books prepaid only		7 00
Three Volumes " "	(to California) books prepaid only	8 00

Remittances must be made in Gold, New York or Eastern Currency, or other Currency at New York par. Seal all letters securely, and address plainly to
LOUIS H. STEPHENS, Publisher for Proprietors,
No. 100 Nassau street, New York.

Advertising Rates of Vanity Fair.
Title Page, 50 cents per line, occupying half the space across the page.
Title Page, $1.50 per line, across the page.
Second Page, 25 cents, wide column.
" " 10 cents, narrow column.

STACKHOUSE'S
OLEATE OF ROSES.
A most superior and efficacious remedy for the prevention and cure of chapped lips and hands, and all inflamed and irritated surfaces. Ladies will find by its use that it will keep their lips and hands as soft as velvet. It heals like magic—say those who have used it. Prepared only by
DAVID L. STACKHOUSE,
Chemist and Druggist,
Handel and Haydn Hall,
8th and Green sts., PHILADELPHIA.

"The want of an authentic and thorough History of the Rebellion for present reference and future preservation, is the subject of general remark."—Rip Van Winkle.
The above want has been amply supplied for four months past by
PUTNAM'S
RECORD OF THE REBELLION.
NOW READY.
4 Monthly Parts, - - - 50 cts. each.
17 Weekly Parts, - - - 10 cts. each.
and Illustrations, 30 cts.
The first volume will be ready October 1.
A suitable REWARD is offered for any DOCUMENT or any FACTS of importance on either the Loyal or Secession side, which are
NOT CONTAINED IN THIS WORK.
G. P. PUTNAM, Publisher,
532 Broadway, N. Y.

STARTLING, BUT
A TRUE!—THE VOLUNTEERS ARE braving the dangers of Fever, Scurvy, Wounds, and Cholera. Many a gallant fellow will leave his bones to bleach, who by the aid of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT, would have returned to his family strong and healthy. Soldiers, try them. Only 25 cents per Box or Pot.

A NEW LOCAL STORY
NOW READY IN
THE NEW YORK WEEKLY
(The best Story and Sketch paper published)
ENTITLED
THE DEFRAUDED HEIRESS;
Or, The Stepmother's Plot
By James Reynolds, author of "The Stolen Bride," "Long Hank," and "Hermit of the Ottawa."
In "The Stolen Bride" and "Long Hank" and "Hermit of the Ottawa," Mr. Reynolds gave evidence of great vigor and power, and stamped himself as a romancer of no mean reputation; but in giving to the world "The Defrauded Heiress," he has placed himself in the front rank of the great writers of the day.
It is a story of life in a great city, found on fact, and in it are brought to view all the lights and shades of society. Most people have but an imperfect idea of the snares and pitfalls set to entrap the unwary, not only in low life among the hovels of the poor, but among the wealthy and powerful and apparently respectable.
We think we may safely say that
THE DEFRAUDED HEIRESS
is the most powerfully-written romance which has been placed before the public for many years.
☞ Do not fail to read the opening chapters.
The NEW YORK WEEKLY is sold by all respectable News Agents in the United States. The price is FOUR CENTS, but in some cases, where Agents have to pay extra freight or postage, a higher price is necessarily charged. When there is a news Agent in the town, we desire our friends to get the WEEKLY through him. We do not like to mail the paper except to places where there is no other means of getting it. When sent by mail the price will invariably be $2 a year, in advance. Subscriptions taken for three months. Two copies will be sent for a year for $3, four copies for $6, eight copies for $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs of ten, and send us $15 at one time, will be entitled to an extra copy for their trouble. The bills of all solvent banks will be taken at par for subscriptions. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents extra with every subscription, to prepay the American postage.
STREET & SMITH,
Editors and Proprietors,
11 Frankfort street, New York.

WOSHY-BOSHY,

—OR—

The Prestidigitating Squaw of the Snakeheads.

CHAPTER I.

There once existed a powerful nation of Indians, and they were known as the Silvertoes and Snakeheads.

They lived in a vast and beautiful land, which abounded in the most delicious game. The lakes and rivers likewise teemed with the daintiest fish; and the rich skins of the deer and grey-fox were plenty in almost every wigwam.

These Indians thrived apace. They grew so powerful, indeed, that other nations thought it quite judicious to treat them with considerable urbanity. Their flag was respected everywhere, and in whatever clime one of them might be he had only to announce his nationality and he could obtain all the fire-water he wanted on time, if he were hard up.

But after basking many years in the warm sunshine of prosperity these Indians became uneasy, and began to indicate a sad but unmistakeable desire to fly off the handle. The Snakeheads, who had labored unceasingly to erect this row, being considerably aided and abetted by a few incendiary Silvertoes, finally made a bold attempt to dissolve the Nation and go to keeping house on their own hook. Personally the Silvertoes didn't care the impious expletive of a peripatetic repairer of damaged tin about the simple secession of the Snakeheads, as those savages had been an extensive nuisance for many moons; but when those savages not only insisted upon going to housekeeping upon their own hook, but on stocking their pantry with fine plate belonging to the Silvertoes, and filling their cellar with much fat bear meat, also belonging to the Silvertoes, and then had the inflated cheek to ask to be let alone, the Silvertoes ventured to remonstrate. A struggle ensued. It is of the time in which that struggle occurred that we write.

CHAPTER II.

In the heart of the trackless wilderness stood the wigwam of WOSHY-BOSHY, a chief in high repute among the Snakeheads.

On the evening we introduce him to our readers he lay stretched upon a dried buffalo-skin, smoking one of SHANLY's brier-wood pipes, and conversing with a brave from across the blue waters of the Shaggonana River, named BOOZYWOOZY.

BOOZYWOOZY was an orator of rare power, and his remarks were always able and appropriate.

He also played Policy, his favorite numbers being 4, 11, 44. An adept at this pleasing game, he won many ducats, liards, pistoles, francs and sous.

He inclined favorably to fire-water, but had never been attacked with delirium tremens. The complaint had broken out in his family, but the family was a large one, and there were not tremens enough to go round.

So he drank with impunity—or with anybody else, who would treat.

"Will the warrior of many a wordy victory, whose voice is sweeter far than the pellucid waters of the fast-rolling Shaggonana, join WOSHY-BOSHY in a light bowl?" Thus spoke the Chief WOSHY-BOSHY.

"The words of the mighty chief fall pleasantly upon the ears of BOOZYWOOZY. He will moisten his diaphragm. Is it whiskey?"

"Brother! it is."

"Did the great chief obtain it at any of the bar-rooms of any of the leading hotels on Broadway?"

"No, no!" howled the chief, a shade of horror creeping over his face; "does my brother of the sweet voice and winsome eye take me for an aboriginal BORGIA? Ugh! When WOSHY-BOSHY kills thee it shall be with the tomahawk! No gentlemanly Indian will give a friend poison."

"WOSHY-BOSHY speaks well. Here's luck!"

And they clinked the canakin.

During the evening they performed the Green Corn Dance, procuring the corn for that purpose from the shrill-voiced Ethiopian females who perambulated the forest, shrieking "*Hot* Cor-run! 'Ere's yer nice hot cor-run!"

After dancing a good deal and clinking the canakin many times, WOSHY-BOSHY and the orator put on their yellow blankets and bright beaded moccasins preparatory for a stroll.

Previous to leaving the wigwam, however, WOSHY-BOSHY turned off the gas, as a matter of economy, and arranged the chairs in an orderly manner so that in case his legs were ill on his return, he would have clear-sailing to his bed.

Relighting their brier-woods, the Indians then went forth, arm-in-arm, singing:

"Then let the wide world wag as it will,
I'll be gay and happy still;
Gay and happy—gay and happy,
I'll be gay and happy still!"

(To be Continued.)

JONES.

A very important decision has lately been arrived at in one of the Boston Courts, *in re* one JONES, who prosecuted a printer for setting him up as a bogus Count. There was evidence in favor of JONES—chiefly his own evidence, which tended to show that he, JONES, once got on a bender, in London, with a noble exile called Count SARTORIUS. Here there is romance: let us knock off a short poem on the subject:

JONES got uproarious
With SARTORIUS.

In the course of the evening, the aristocratic feelings of the noble exile got the better of him. He said that JONES was a vulgar name. He recommended JONES to disguise JONES by spelling it JOHANNES. JONES consented. They embraced; and the noble exile, with tears of joy, declared that he should, from that moment, Count JOHANNES among his friends. And so, JONES became Count JOHANNES; and people had better look out what they say to the contrary, or else it may cost them twenty dollars, as it did the Boston printer for putting a discount upon that Count.

Military.

"Brig. Gen. E. W. PEIRCE is raising a company for the war in Freetown which he proposes to lead. He has authority from the Governor, and is getting on very well."—*Transcript* Oct. 16th

We rejoice to learn that General P. is still extant. We trust that "the war in Freetown" will be successfully conducted.

Prophetic.

The Rebels are extending their lines.—[*Daily Paper.*

The ultimate destiny of the Rebels is foreshadowed here. In death, as in life, we shall doubtless see them Extending their Lines.

A REBEL "VICTORY."

The gay and gallant Commander HOLLINS, traitor to his flag and officer in the Confederate States Navy, has, according to his own story, won a brilliant "victory" on the Mississippi below Fort Jackson.

Of course, the reader is familiar with the commander's statement, but a little bewildered. Let us take upon ourselves the pleasing task of setting him aright.

HOLLINS, commanding a fleet of small gunboats, went down the river one fine day to the head of the Passes, where our blockading squadron is stationed. The "Mosquito fleet," as it is called, was supplied with sixteen guns and three hundred men. Our squadron consists, probably, of four or five vessels, carrying about fifty guns and eight or nine hundred men.

By some mysterious and unknown stratagem, Commander HOLLINS drove our vessels aground on the Southwest Pass bar, all but one, which he sunk!!!!

Now the question is, how did he do it?

Did he go ashore with a lump of sugar and whittle for them?

Did he put salt on their tails?

Did he boost them on?

Never mind. It is enough for us to know that he (says he) did it.

"After they were fast in the sand," writes the commander, with grim satisfaction, "I peppered them well."

Why five vessels, helplessly and hopelessly aground, should not surrender and strike, to save the murder in cold blood of all on board, he does not hint. Probably our blockaders were game, and had rather die, one and all, between-decks, than "give up the ship," even when the ship was made into a sieve by the dreadful sixteen guns of the Mosquito fleet.

That was plucky, at least.

"There were no casualties on our side," adds HOLLINS, closing with the best news, like a wise officer: "It was a complete success."

He did have them nicely, didn't he? Four vessels fast aground, and one at the bottom; the Mosquito fleet hovering about with every man safe and sound at his post, and spoiling for further fight, of course; the federal crews liable to total demolition from sixteen guns if they tried to land in boats, and sure of capture anyhow! All that HOLLINS had to do was to lie off and knock the ships to pieces until they surrendered, or, if they proved obstinate, to set them on fire with hot shot, and raise the blockade by holocaust.

So he steamed quietly up to New Orleans, and we have not a word of any intention on his part to complete his "complete success," by doing something.

Perhaps he forgot to remain and capture them.

Maybe it was raining, and he didn't want his fleet to get wet.

Possibly he was "out of ammunition;" the rebels generally are, when they are whipped.

Maybe he was scared.

We have but one explanation to offer, but that one settles all the apparent confusion and obscurity of these contradictory statements. It will answer, we think, for general belief at all events, until reliable accounts can be received, and they will undoubtedly confirm our hypothesis, which is, that:

Commander HOLLINS lies.

THE MODERN TROUBADOUR

TO THE TUNE OF THE MEDIÆVAL PERSON IN THE NEXT LINE.

I.

Gaily the bully boy smoked his cigar
As he was hastening off to the war,
Singing "to secesh Land thither I go;
Rebuels, rebuels, fight all you know!"

II.

LIZE for the bully boy gave nary weep,
Knowing full well that he'd his promise keep
And make her his little wife, so this was her song:
"Bully boy! bully boy! come right along!"

Sentiment: by a Patriotic Cook.

The Rebellion? It's just like picking a duck; if we me hold of it and you'd soon see Its Down Fall.

The "Hard Necessities" of War.

Shot and Shell.

A RECITAL OF EXPERIENCE.

THE HERALD MAN ON THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE.

The *Herald* has a habit of telling things past, present, and to come (or not to come) with very vigorous pen. Some days since our attention was attracted to an editorial in its columns, called "The Coming Revolution in the Fashionable World," wherein the writer disposed of the "American Crisis" as neatly as Mr. HERRMANN disposes of the superluous rabbit. The cool commentator ably remarks in the outset that

"The Americans have produced many great sensations throughout Europe before, but this last production of the greatest rebellion the world ever saw caps the climax. England, France, and, indeed, all Europe, is shocked, startled and turned topsy-turvy."

We do not wish to have our great rebellion underrated, but it strikes us that the *Herald* is writing too much history for too cents a day. We have a large war on hand and like the boy with his measles, we are justly proud of it, and mean to have the world know how much misfortune we can carry, but we (editorially speaking) do not as yet see that all Europe is shocked, startled and turned topsy-turvy. After a little general idiotic ratiocination the writer offers to help the American people to shoulder the responsibility and consequences of all the fuss, and relates his own and as he intimates the Nation's Capital Sins.

"Fashion has had a great deal to do with this war. For the past twenty years we have been getting rich, lazy and luxurious. We have aped the foreign aristocracy in everything but their titles. Our dresses and our diamonds were as rich and *costly as any aristocrats*; our equipages as splendid; our residences as palatial; our servants as gaily liveried."

We shall not inquire the cost of an aristocrat in order to ascertain the value of our dresses and diamonds, but proceed.

"Here in New York we have been giving dinners, soirees, receptions and *fêtes champetre* which princes could not outrival, and which princes attended. We have been flashing about in coaches and carriages drawn by blooded horses."

Everybody of course remembers a little *fete champetre* that occurred somewhere near Fort Washington once upon a time—well that, indirectly, it seems, helped bring about this war. The chiefest of all causes, however, is undoubtedly the fact of our having driven "blooded horses"—that certainly called for vengeance. Sodom had her defects, Gomorrah was not without blemish, and New York sinned by "blooded" steeds. Oh! oh! Let BROOKS Brothers array us in sack-cloth, and let cinders be shaken over our base and besotted persons! And see what are to be some of the consequences of the fast horse business.

"People who used to have a dozen courses for dinner, with a different wine for every course, will live, and be far healthier, on a beefsteak rare (with or without onions), and washed down by pure Croton water."

This is too much—in the language of Another, "This is more than enough!" We protest. The *Herald* man may adopt the water course for the time being, as a penance for his offences, but we as an American object to washing down our "beefsteak rare, with or without onions." We do not wish to be healthy—healthy people never live long and are always grouty. We prefer supporting a physician—so let no man interfere between our beefsteak rare and our onions.

If this sort of thing is not checked we shall have the *Tribune* out with double leaded leaders on the campaign, and ending with broad allusions to milk and milk, string beans and Connecticut pies. We are sorry for the sins of the Nation and the *Herald*, and we hope that both—especially the *Herald*—will get their deserts.

Fiddlesticks.

We like to show up fallacious maxims. Here's one. "What man has done man can do!" That idea is all nonsense. It is a fixed fact that when anybody has once Done a Yankee he can't Do him again.

What's in a Name?

Owing to the "peculiar inducements" by which Volunteers are enlisted in the South, we understand that a C. S. A. recruiting-officer is called an Impressario.

A Conundrum adapted from the French."

Q.—Why should or a French blanket be as good as two of any other kind?

A.—Because the French word *blanquette* signifies a Pear.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

LIVING, as we do, in an age that may well be characterized as that of gunpowder, it is difficult for us to realise the joy and satisfaction with which that article was hailed by all virtuous men and good little boys, when it first made its appearance, as a novelty, in the principal gunsmith's shop of the little town of Decapitateopolis. That was the name of the quiet hamlet in which accident first brought the great combustible to light, and explode—as most combustibles have a way of doing when brought to light. We have no such quiet Hamlets now-a-days, alas! no: not even that of EDWIN FORREST. The druggist who made the discovery, in the manner already described, was called before the curtain three times amid the plaudits of the pyrotechnist of the village. This was before curtains were invented. The tiles were taken from the roof of his house, and turned into projectiles for the benefit of his family, some of whom carried marks of them to the grave, at great inconvenience to themselves, for the cemetery was at a considerable distance from the village. The golden mortar, which stood on a shelf high up against the druggist's shop, was loaded and fired off one hundred times, although the day was excessively warm, it being the fourth of July. This was the original mortar, from which the kind of cannon so called derives its name. The pestle belonging to it was also loaded, with lead only, however, and fired off several times at the head of the mayor of the village, which it took clean off at the very first shot, as he popped it up from the trap of his cellar to see how things were going on. From this amusing incident the village of Decapitateopolis took its name: and it is to the humble pestle of the druggist that a cold world is indebted for the immense idea of pistol; the revolutions accomplished by which instrument—under several distinct patents—have been limited, hitherto, only by the maximum diameter allowable to the cylinder, with a view to pocket size. It is also a fact, with reference to the same druggist—and a very curious fact—that he was the first who proposed the method of rendering cannon useless by spiking them. The idea is said to have occurred to him in the course of his extensive practice as a chiropodist, and from his consequent familiarity with inverted nails.

In the ancient city of Decapitateopolis—for it is that, now, and no longer a quiet hamlet—is still to be seen a statue of the eminent druggist who started it into life with gunpowder. He is represented sitting astride upon his own mortar, pointing with one hand to a pile of gilded cannon balls; while, on a scroll proceeding from his mouth, are inscribed the following words:

TRY MY PILLS. THEY GO RIGHT TO THE SPOT.

And many's the poor pilgrim has been relieved from life's miseries by those same pills!

Wanted.—For Social Use.

A new, meaningless slang expression or phrase—those now in vogue being much soiled and injured, such for example as Big Thing, Big Thing on Ice, Big Thing on SCHNEIDER, Or Any Other Man, Bully for You, And More Too, And he so Young, Much, Dry Up, Played Out, and How Are You JOHN HENRY? For something neat, airy, and all that sort of thing, a cash customer may be found by applying to every second young man about town.

A little terse slang for feminine purposes would also not come amiss. This latter can be readily disposed of at some of the Select Young Ladies Seminaries in the City and Suburbs.

Wide Awake.

The Rebels are reported to have stretched a sub-marine chain across the Potomac.

If this is true, they intend, no doubt, to watch our river fleets with the vigilance of the Links.

THE SONG OF THE SOCK.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE FORE-WOMAN OF "HOSE COMPANY, No. 1."

By a Blue Stocking Maker.

I.

With fingers flying fast,
With voices merry and light,
"The Club" are sitting in easy chairs,
Plying their needles bright,—
Knit! knit! knit!
As forward and back they rock,
And ever, as at work they sit,
They sing the "Song of the Sock!"—

II.

Work! work! work!
In the sunny afternoon!
And work, work, work,
By the silver light of the moon!
It's oh! to be a slave
And work with right good will
While we have yet a country to save,
And brothers to go and—drill!

III.

Work, work, work!
Our labor never flags,
Till our soldiers down in Dixie,
Burn all secession rags;
Till the sacred tomb of Washington
Which woman's labor won,
Shall be free to every pilgrim,—
Rebought with sword and gun.

IV.

Work, work, work,
'Twill help to "roll the ball."
Work, work, work,
Till the evening shadows fall!
Seam, and middle, and heel,
Heel, and middle, and seam,
Till the welcome sound of the supper-bell,
Startles us, as from a dream.

V.

Work, work, work!
With sympathies all alive;
Work, work, work,
Till the gentlemen arrive;
And then for a few short hours,
To listen, and laugh, and talk,
And hold the yarn, or wind,—
Then start for a homeward walk.

VI

With fingers flying fast,
With voices merry and light,
"The Club" are sitting in easy chairs,
Plying their needles bright,
Knit! knit! knit!
As forward and back they rock,
And ever, as at work they sit,
In this spasmodic, industrious fit,
They sing the "Song of the Sock!"

Bad, in a General Way.

Gen. FREMONT seems to have been a little too fresh with his appointment of officers, and a good many of them, if they don't have to pay for their whistle, will have to Whistle for their Pay.

Though the action of the War Department has the air of being a trifle severe in this matter, it may be all the better for our Actions with the enemy; and it will probably teach all who desire epaulettes and things, that if Goverment does not Appoint them, it will certainly Disappoint them.

A Barkeeper's Con.

Why is a Brandy Smash like a Bumpkin?
It's a Green Horn!

THE IDEAL.

THE REAL.

THE VIVANDIERE.

Colonel Edward D. Baker.

OCT 21ST, 1861.

Not as we sorrow when a soldier dies,
Do we lament the man who fell to-day:
We look to see our soldiers in the fray,
The light of battle blazing in their eyes!
His place was elsewhere; not aloof from strife,
But dealing surer vengeance on the foe.
The laurels that he won in Mexico,
Gave him the right to lead a peaceful life.
'Twas his to grapple in the halls of State
With rampant Treason, while his fiery words
Roused thousands of brave men, who snatched their swords
To cut the way to Freedom—not too late!
He should have served us there, (who could so well?)
Not in the fatal field on which he fell!

R. H. STODDARD.

The Circle Squared, at last.

That great mathematical desideratum, the squaring of the circle, has been realized at last. The problem has been solved by Mr. SEWARD, whose Circular letter may be considered as the Square thing.

By a Gallery god.

Why is Gen. PRICE like "The Seven Sisters?"

Because he is remarkable for nothing except a thundering long Run.

HOW THEY DO IT.

It has cost Seventeen Thousand, Three Hundred and Ninety-one Dollars, hard cash, to disburse the Volunteer Relief Fund for the benefit of soldiers' families.

It is an Aldermanic job, of course.

All that could be necessary for its simplest and quickest performance, would be an office and two men; one to pay the money to those who came for it . . . . they would be very sure to come . . . and one to attend to such correspondence as might arise in connection with the duty.

And neither of these two men would have to work so hard as the brave fellows who are off in Virginia earning the money at the point of the bayonet.

But your pursy and clean-shaven Alderman, with his grubby hands and whiskey cough, cannot bear to see money handled without tarry fingers. Some of it *must* stick, as it passes. There must be a Department, with half-a-dozen offices, rented at fancy rates from landlords who control votes. There must be clerkships at high salaries for "me wife's brother," and "me father's cousin." There must be a great deal of money paid to somebody who will spend it at the Alderman's own public house on the East Side. There must be the devil to pay generally; and there must be an expense of Seventeen Thousand, Three Hundred and Ninety-one Dollars incurred in giving MARY SULLIVAN and BRIDGET O'FLAHERTY "and the childher," the few hardly earned pennies that PATRICK and DENNIS can spare them.

Mild and gentle as our nature always is, preferring the sportive and the jocund to the severe and the penal, we decline to say that we consider the Board of Aldermen a Den of Thieves. Simply, the Aldermen act, not infrequently, just as Thieves do act.

One of Arabella's.

"How different you soldiers are from Us," said ARABELLA to the Captain: "with Us, a Conquest only begins, while with you it ends the Engagement!"

What Next?

CROCUS considers that the last of the VERDI's is not only a Ballo—but, so far as the basso is concerned—a Bellow in Maschera.

A Black Draught.

Raising Contraband soldiers in Dixie.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

INFORMATION HAS BEEN RECEIVED HERE THAT MESSRS. SLIDELL AND MASON, THE REBEL MINISTERS TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND, ARE AUTHORIZED TO PLACE THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY FOR A LIMITED PERIOD UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THOSE POWERS.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A FEW ABLE REMARKS.

It is related of old King Cole that he

"—— was a merry old soul,"

and in the next line that

"—— a merry old soul was he,"

which corroborates the first statement and ought therefore to establish the fact. To the thinking mind the only question that remains to be answered in this connection is, Who was King Cole?

The drift of this opening may not at first appear, and perhaps it is rather foreign to what is to follow, but sequences are no longer essential either in journalistic or dramatic literature. We propose now mainly to meet the popular want by pampering to the popular taste, just as theatrical managers do. We are going to appease the public hunger. We are going to found a new and extensive system of Burlesque that is to envelope and exude from everything. The people demand Burlesque—we intend to provide them with it in every conceivable shape and variety. If it is attractive at the playhouse it will be attractive in print, in every day life, in peace and in war, in place and out of place. We are going to establish a Burlesque Furniture Depot, a Burlesque Line of Stages, a Burlesque Dwelling House, a Burlesque Hardware Store, and so on. We shall found Schools of Burlesque, and publish text books of Burlesque—our Burlesque Arithmetic, Primer, Geography and Atlas, Astronomy, History, Grammar and Dictionary will shortly appear. When they do the public may rest assured it will get all that it wants. We know our power—we feel that to Burlesque everything is human and possible. The axiom "Two beans and two beans make four beans" is susceptible of being ably burlesqued, with expensive scenery, fairies, tadpoles, butterflies, and political dialogue. What more can be required?

It may seem a difficult task—the one V. F. proposes to undertake for the benefit of this enlightened age—but it is not. Of this every thinking man will shortly be convinced when he shall find a Burlesque Coal Heaver putting a ton of Burlesque coal into the Burlesque coal hole in front of his Burlesque mansion. Or when he shall find himself buying Burlesque candles, sweetening his Oolong with Burlesque sugar, and wiping his Burlesque nose with a—not to repeat the word too often—ditto handkerchief. Everything is to be sparkling and witty—gorgeous and frolicsome—absurd and beautiful. All nature shall be Burlesqued and done in rhyme with red, and blue-fire accompaniments. There shall be no half-way business about the matter.

"This Life is all a fleeting show,"

and we mean to exhibit the show in its most acceptable form and in the style of language original with the Seven Sons; Bill Shakspeare, Dr. Watts, and all highfalutin sentimentalists may go to thunder and the free lunches, but we are bound to stand by our little Burlesque.

All this may sound absurd, but that is just why we print it. Hip! hip! hurrah! Hands all around!

"Whack row de dow! Where was you, General Patterson?"

A War-Horse, Indeed.

Talking of the height of regulation horses for the United States army, a Canadian paper says that they must have "from fifteen to sixteen hands." We should say, now, that horses of this description, judiciously crossed with the centipede, and provided with a knife in every hand and a shoe on every foot, would be equally good at Cutting and Running—which would make them invaluable as a mount for cavalry skirmishers.

A Ring! A Ring!

The City politicians have formed a new Ring. As Rings are the subject of the present short notice, let us improve the occasion by remarking that the article exists in infinite variety. For instance, there be Rings for pig's noses, and tradition tells of the Ring of true Metal. With the former of these was the old City Ring too much identified. Let us hope that the new one will give us more of the latter.

No doubt of it.

A highland Yankee being asked "what can best fortify men for a fight?" replied, "Dinner ken."

The "People at Large."

Those who have not yet been sent to Fort Lafayette.

SALLIE IN THE RALLY.

I.

Of all the privateers afloat
  Beneath Secessia's bunting,
There's one I chiefly would denote
  As worth a Yankee's hunting:
In short, I'm longing to allude
  Unto the schooner "Sallie,"
Whose character is far from good—
  For she's in the rebel rally.

II.

Her build is of the centre-board
  Or sliding-keel description,
Heavy her canvas and her card,
  And ships her fellowship shun.
But riddled by some Yankee lad
  She'll be eventually—
Because her character is bad
  And she's in the rebel rally.

III.

Look out, ye steersmen of the sea,
  Lest by this renegada
Boarded—and lodged—you too may be,
  Like unto the "Granada!"
Stand by your guns, lanyard in hand,
  If you should meet the "Sallie"—
For she's a thieving contraband,
  And she loves the rebel rally!

Wonderful Discovery.

A correspondent states that a distinguished medical man at Washington has discovered a new kind of worm which infests the human subject, especially in the District of Columbia. It is called the Red Tape Worm. He has had uncommon opportunities for studying its habits and character; he has been for some time afflicted with it in his own person. One of its most remarkable traits is, that, instead of inhabiting the interior, it winds around the exterior of the body and limbs, somewhat in the manner of the Boa Constrictor: affecting, however, sometimes, both the head and the heart. Rumor says that the gentleman alluded to is about to resign a very important office connected with the War Department, so as to devote himself entirely to the preparation of a work upon the natural history of this formidable parasite. This work will be very expensively illustrated: and will be issued under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission and the Smithsonian Institute. V. F. does not vouch for the truth of the above, but refers to the Surgeon General's office, Medical Bureau, Washington, for its confirmation.

A HINT TO LORD LYONS.

As Lord Lyons does not seem to have come out of the large end of the horn, in his recent correspondence with our Secretary of State, we cannot resist the temptation of giving him a little advice, in the most friendly spirit, extracted from a work by a distinguished statesman, one Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. It is to be found in the play of Richelieu, and runs somewhat in this wise:

Richelieu to Joseph.— ○ ○ What did Plutarch say of the Greek Lysander?

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

"That where the lion's skin fell short, he eked it out with the fox's!"

Mr. Bulwer Lytton, or Lytton Bulwer, doubtless had this in his mind in his recent speech, but unfortunately read his copy "asses" instead of "foxes," and hence his sad political blunder; a mistake which we trust the accomplished British Minister will not make in the future.

Too much! too much!

A Frenchman, we learn by the *Gazette du Nord*, has just written a book the title of which, translated, is as follows:

"Love, What is It."

The book in question may be a very clever one, but who is going to love the What-is-It, we should like to know?

"Mercy on Us!"

Such was the exclamation uttered by Lord Lyons, when he read the journalistic suggestions with reference to his late didactic letters to the Secretary of State.

EARLY PHYSICAL TRIALS.

"SHURE, BIDDY, I BELAVE I'LL LOOSE THE SAXPENCE; MY HERETIC CAN'T HOWLD THE DUMB-BELLS A MINUTE LONGER."

CEREAL AND SERIOUS.

Our Advance on Manassas was disastrous enough, but LOUIS NAPOLEON'S recent Advance on the price of bread will be more so.

The government of France, like that of England, is not self-sustaining: either Corn or Cotton rule both of those unhappy countries, and as they are now strenuously Denying the Cotton, we foresee that they must speedily Acknowledge the Corn.

There is an intimate connection between the Parisian stomach and barricades. In France, as elsewhere, Dough may be called the sinews of War.

Although the Emperor has it pretty much in his own hands to increase or dimiuish the popular Loaves, the people, it must be confessed, have some very ugly Twists on the Emperor.

The reason why the Parisian revolutionary sentiment moves so easily, is because it goes with the Grain.

Let the Emperor, then, beware. If he has been so imprudent as to bake the public weal in his regulation loaf of bread, he must not be surprised if the *canaille* beset him, some fine morning, and . . . to use a Bowery expression . . . Spoil his Crust!

Sentiment; by a Prestidigitateur.

"This here Rebellion is one of them clumsy tricks as requires a whole lot of Confederates."

Dissectional.

Why should Abolition delight Medical Students?

Because, it's a Dead Subject!

PLEASE DRAW IT MILD.

The following telegram to one of the daily papers, suggests a few words of caution:

"Col. GEARY reports to Gen BANKS that he went out this forenoon on a foraging expedition, and upon reaching Bolivar Heights he met the enemy 3,000 strong, with seven pieces of artillery . . . . . The enemy gave battle and Col. GEARY responded promptly, and the fight was sharp and lasted several hours, resulting in the total routing of the enemy and the capture of a thirty-two pounder. Col. GEARY reported that the enemy's loss was one hundred and fifty killed and a large number wounded. No loss on our side . . . . . Col. GEARY says he had only four hundred and fifty men and three pieces of artillery."

Now we have very powerful doubts as to whether Col. GEARY'S official report contains anything to warrant such a telegram as the above. It is probably the work of some sensational correspondent, who has no more regard for the truth than a Rebel officer. It is not within the range of military possibilities that four hundred men should fight against three thousand, killing one hundred and fifty, without a single loss to the weaker party. The story is false on the face of it, and so palpably false as to wear a ludicrous air totally at variance with the dignity that should attach to the announcement of a victory.

The Rebels have made themselves a laughing-stock for all decent people by this same sort of thing, and unless the newspaper correspondents of our side are trained to be a little less rampant, we too shall earn the reputation of fighting principally with the Long Bow.

Col. GEARY undoubtedly routed a large force with a small one, and experienced little or no loss, but it took a journalist to kill one hundred and fifty out of three thousand and have "nobody hurt." That was a feat worthy of the mendacious hero of nothing in particular, Commander HOLLINS, who lately destroyed our navy with a few mudscows and killed everybody without having a man scratched . . . save one, who being a Scotchman, scratched himself.

No; if our correspondents must get on the Rampage, and, in default of sensational news of a genuine kind, must draw it from their own brains, we humbly beg them to Draw It Mild.

LINDSAY, M. P.

British LINDSAY! M. P. LINDSAY!
Mighty man of facts and figures!
Cotton Lindsay! Canting Lindsay!
How you weep for Yankee niggers!

When we heard you last declaiming,
Quite statistic was your talk,
But we never heard you naming
Sorrowing Sambo in New York.

Free Trade LINDSAY! Factory LINDSAY!
Can't you find at home some sinning?—
Comes no cry of little children,
Shrieking o'er the spindle-spinning?

Are your mines such haunts of pleasure,
Where the warm, bright earth below,
Crawl your harness'd children, creeping
In the darkness to and fro?

Purblind LINDSAY! Pocket LINDSAY!
Do you find in *their* condition—
British paupers! British beggars!—
Nothing calls for Abolition?

You're a Scotchman, and the Scotchmen,
One and all their Bibles thumb,
Reading: "Charity beginneth
Not in hum, but still at home."

Chalk is chalk, my charming LINDSAY!
Cheese is cheese, my dear M. P.!
But cyphering's not praying, Sawney!
And trading's not philanthropy.

The Lamps to the Moth.

"Get out of my Light!"

J. AFRICANUS GORILLA, A. M.

LONG time ago, at the very commencement of the present rebellion, in fact, the position of the schoolmasters in the South assumed a phase not altogether comfortable. They had, to be perfectly frank with you, reader, a very rugged time of it indeed, did these schoolmasters. Some pedagogues were quoted in the market as "fluctuating," others as "going off rapidly," others again as having "an upward tendency"—said upward tendency, it it is almost needless to explain, being not wholly unconnected with rope, and having points in common with bough of tree.

Moral suasion of the type last alluded to in a very short space of time ridded Secessia of instructors of the youthful mind. The school-house was deserted, the wooden forms knew no more the forms of young Southrons, dust gathered upon the terrible ferule, and the birch twig which had so often bent as the boy reclined lost its undulating vigor and fell headlong from its high estate.

The rebels for a time were totally indifferent to matters of educational interest. In other words they didn't seem to care whether school kept or not. They had a war on their hands which engrossed their whole attention. But this state of things couldn't possibly exist for long. Young Secesh became troublesome. While the Author of his Being was away in the army he worried the Authoress of the aforesaid nearly out of her life. Something must be done with the obstreperous youth. There was a meeting of the mothers. After much cogitation and drinking of rye-coffee—which is just as good as the Mocha variety, if not a great deal better, *vide Charleston Courier*—it was resolved that the schools should be re-opened. But where to get the teachers? was the next question. It is ignoble in the Southern gentleman to work for his living, equally so for the Southern matron. The schoolmaster must be a hind, a mudsill. But there were none to be had, persons in that line having all gone North or elsewhere several months previous. At the critical moment news was received that a slave ship, having on board a fine assortment of gorillas had, singular as it might appear, run the blockade and landed its cargo at Adger's Wharf, Charleston. When this intelligence was communicated to the matronly body all discussion as to the possibility of finding school-teachers at once ceased, and, in a week from that time, the schools were again thrown open.

Had we not the most indisputable evidence to the contrary we could not believe that the arrival of the gorillas and the opening of the schools bore any relation to each other whatever. But the facts are fernenst us. Fernenst us in the matter of the fiendish massacre on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, Missouri, where the rebels by burning a bridge, precipitated whole car-loads of men, women and children into a bruised and bloody death. Fernenst us in the matter of the slaughtering of our wounded at Bull Run. Fernenst us in the matter of the snake and the scorpion bomb-shells which were proposed for the benefit of the garrison at Fort Pickens. Fernenst us in the matter of the Louisiana Tigers and the Tar River Rangers, whenever those worthies have an opportunity to demonstrate their cowardliness and brutality. Fernenst us, in fact, in a great many more cases than it is necessary to specify here. And so, as the facts are too many for us, we yield. We concede that the Gorilla is at present the schoolmaster of the South. The Gorilla it is who trains up the Southern youth in the brutal way that he shall go that when he gets old he may not depart from it. Some of his pupils have already graduated and entered upon their proper field of usefulness. BEAUREGARD, we understand, wouldn't know what to do without them.

Consider, then, Mr. GORILLA—we beg his pardon, J. AFRICANUS GORILLA, ESQ., Master of Arts and Member of the Confederate Order of Chivalry—consider this gifted personage, we say, in the garb of the pedagogue and established in the academic halls of the South. In his programme of instruction, Grammar has given way to a treatise upon Vituperation, Rhetoric to Mendacity, Mathematics to The Whole Art of Bridge Burning, Philosophy to Ferocity, and so on. The class in Geography is requested to direct its whole mind to the consideration of uncivilized Africa. Their preceptor, with pointer in hand—a situation in which our artist has happily limned him—indicates to them on the map the region of his own happy home. "There in childhood's sunny hour," he exclaims, as the tears well to his eyes, "there, I was strangling my nine natives a week. Why did I leave?"

Recovering from his emotion, he calls up the First Class in Ferocity.

J. AFRICANUS GORILLA.—What is the best method of torturing a mudsill?

1ST SCHOLAR.—Jabbing him in sensitive parts of his person, sir, with red hot needles.

J. A. G.—Next!

2D SCHOLAR.—Rubbing him down, sir, with a Bath brick.

J. A. G.—Next!

3D SCHOLAR.—Sawing his legs off, sir, gradually.

J. A. G.—Not correct, sir. Next!

4TH SCHOLAR, (*proudly*).—Making him read the *Charleston Mercury*, sir.

J. A. G.—Right, Master JONES, you may go up head. The others will go to their seats and endeavor to qualify themselves for the positions they are to hold in the Confederate Army. Class in Mendacity will come forward! [*The class in Mendacity range themselves before him.*] Master BLOWHARD, state the characteristics of the Northerner.

MASTER BLOWHARD.—The Northerner is mean, avaricious and grasping; he combines the rapacity of the vulture without his courage, to the cunning of the hippopotamus without his playfulness. He is a poltroon, a liar and a coward. He would sell his soul for sixpence, with a discount of five per cent off for cash.

J. A. G.—Very good; but that is not all. You have omitted the creature's most disgusting trait.

MASTER B. (*with indescribable loathing and scorn.*)—Yes, sir. He—pays—his—debts!

J. A. G.—Now, Master COTTONGIN, you shall tell us what the characteristics of the Southerner are.

MASTER COTTONGIN.—The Southerner, sir, is noble, magnanimous and chivalric. The soul of honor, he has never been known to take anything that didn't belong to him, nor does he ever demean himself so far as to work for his living. Though possessed of the heart of the lion he is peaceful in his nature, and only desires to be let alone. He never—

SMALL BOY (*interrupting from a back seat.*)—Please, Mr. GORILLA, may I go out?

J. A. G. (*scowling ferociously.*)—You young hound! haven't I told you never to interrupt the recitations? come here! I'll make an example of you. [*Small boy approaches trembling, J. A. G. strangles him in an unostentatious manner, and throws his body into the coal-scuttle. The recitations are resumed. Scene closes.*

By a Castle Gardener.

Why is the Emigrant system like a snowy term?

Because the fewer Runners you use, the less Slaying there will be!

How mortar-fying it will be.

If the Virginia Mason can't build a decent reputation for the C. S. A.